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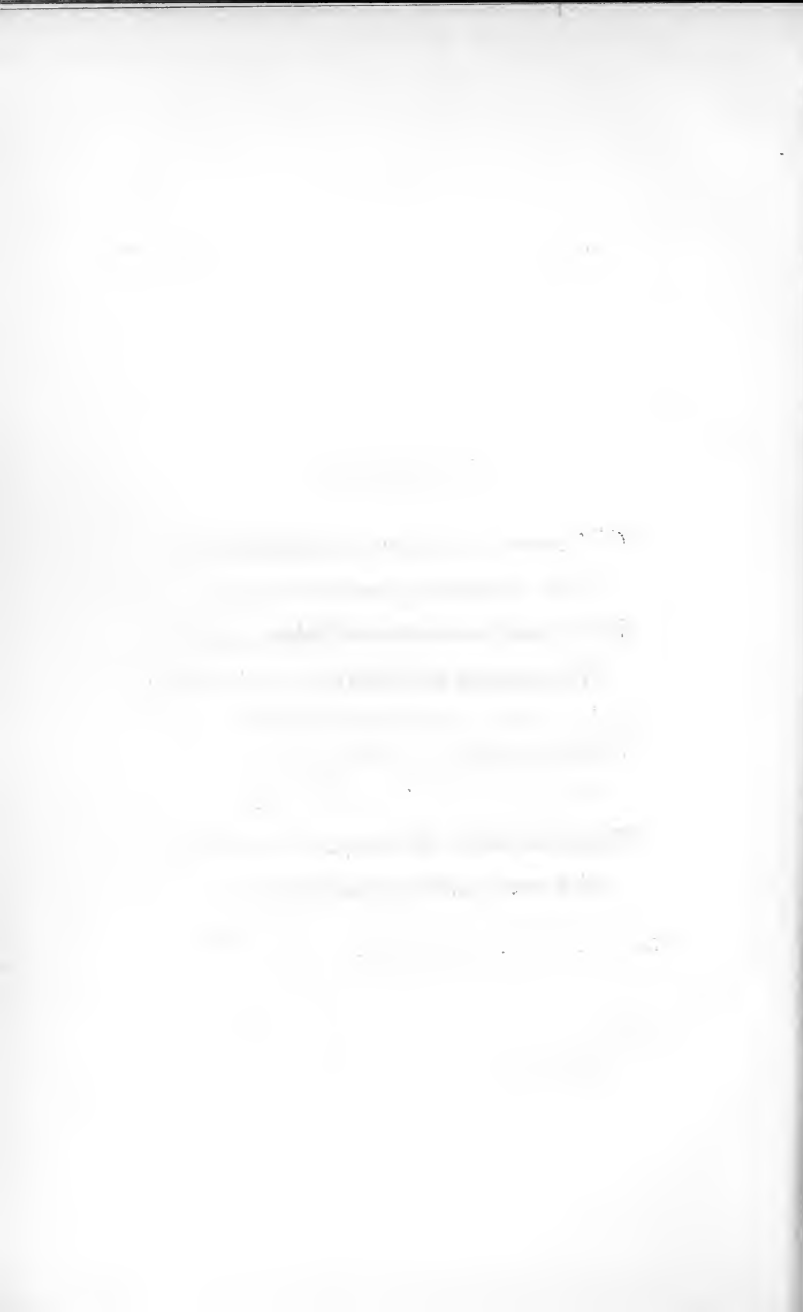
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## PRELUDE.

*Oh ! memory, let thy pilgrim feet  
Unto the shores of youth return !  
Where golden sands and billows meet,  
The morning lights have ceased to burn.*

*Walk silent in the evening gray,  
And hear the voices of the sea  
Repeat the story of a day,  
That never shall return to thee !*

BROOKDALE, N. Y., January, 1856.



## THY PICTURE.

THE grace of childhood clings to thee,  
In thy maturing youth ;  
Thy woman looks are eloquent  
With purity and truth ;  
And, in thy gentle mien, there is  
The steadfastness of Ruth.

There have been locks of richer brown,  
And eyes as calmly bright,  
And cheeks that blushed a rosier hue,  
And brows as marble white ;  
But never one, whose beauty stirred  
The heart to more delight.

Expression such as thine it was,—  
As beautiful and mild,—  
That, in the watches of the night,  
Upon the painter smiled,  
Beside his canvas dreaming of  
Madonna and her Child.

Thy mind is like a placid stream,  
Outspread beneath the sky,  
That mirrors in its waters all  
The changing world on high,—  
The sun, the stars, the wandering cloud,  
That slowly saileth by.

We are not wholly left of Heaven,  
While such remain on earth,  
Who from no human standard take  
The measure of their worth,  
But were created perfect by  
The Hand that gave them birth.

## THY NATURE AND MINE.

THOU enterest in the House of God,  
As freely as a child  
Its father's presence ; for on thee  
The Holy One has smiled,  
And, in thy breast, a dwelling made  
For nature undefiled.

Between thee and the hosts of heaven  
Is spread no sombre cloud ;  
The angels answer to thy need,  
When thou in prayer art bowed.  
Thy whisper, at the Holy gates  
Their lips repeat aloud.

But I—whene'er I seek to pray—  
    Feel that the words alone  
Have passed my lips. My heart within  
    Is closed, as with a stone ;  
And my sepulchred soul is left  
    To make unheard its moan.

Unless an angel break the seal,  
    And roll that stone away,  
I shall until the end, remain  
    In darkness, though the day  
Break clearer in our common sky.  
    Oh ! wherefore then delay !



## THE SHIPWRECK.

AH ! blame me not, if I have been

A shipwrecked man.

Thou canst not tell how strong the tide

And current ran.

The same sweet scenes are round thee now,

As in the past :

Thy sheltered ear has never heard

The ocean blast.

The slenderest bark can safely float  
In waters still,  
But whirlwinds, on the stoutest ship,  
Must work their will.

I could not breast the wintry storm,  
And, evermore,  
Must make my home among the weeds  
Upon the shore !

## THY SOUL AT PRAYER.

THIS Sabbath morn, thy soul has made  
Anew its peace with heaven ;  
Thy chamber is the temple, where  
Thy offerings are given.  
And yet thou prayest, not alone  
At morn and evening hours ;  
Thy holy thoughts to God ascend  
Always.—As the flowers  
Unconscious of their sweetness are,  
Yet breathe it on the air  
In all their day, so thy pure life  
Is an unceasing prayer.

TO THY MEMORY.

YES ! thou art fair !  
I had not thought  
Again to be by passion wrought  
To such excess of love,  
But that, in absence, I could bear  
A mind above  
Its influence, and control  
The movements of my soul.

As unto one,  
Who hung, in other years,  
A harp between the trees,  
Which, silent long,  
Again renews its melodies,  
And wild aerial song,  
My life to me appears !  
Time has restrung  
The loosened chords, and now among  
The rocks and valleys wild,  
Which all my pathways in the world beset,  
I linger yet,  
Again a child ;  
For angel songs are in my ear,  
When thou art near !

## COME FORTH.

COME forth, beneath the heaven,  
While yet the sunlight in the sky  
Shineth on the brow of even.  
No shadow clouds thy gazing eye.  
Behold the beauty of the earth !  
The waters lie  
Encompassed by a glorious frame  
Of earth and sky !

In all, thy spirit is content.

The absent are

Forgotten in the firmament !

The evening star,—

The murmur of the Summer wind,—

The leafy trees around,—

Are in thy silent heart enshrined.

A deeper peace has found

Sweet access to thee, and thy breast

Is calm as Nature in her rest !

## HUMAN WEAKNESS.

As men toil up the mountain side,  
    The weary day,  
And from the top behold the sky,  
    Yet far away ;  
So holiest men, from youth to age,  
    Make pilgrimage !

We may depart the valleys deep,  
    And high ascend ;  
But yet around us is the earth,  
    Until the end.  
Ourselves, alas ! we cannot raise  
    Above our days !



## THE DEAD BLOSSOM.

THE blossom died in early May,  
    Before I knew its sweeter prime ;  
No mellow fruit upon the bough  
    Shall hang in Autumn's harvest time.  
Alone the naked tree shall stand,  
Fruitless in the teeming land.

But when the Winter, chill and drear,  
    Whirls the leaves on every side,  
All shall then as naked be  
    As the tree whose blossom died.  
For in the Winter, none can say  
Which has blossomed in the May.

### MY HOPE.

SHALL I reveal to thee my hope ?  
It is that I may be  
Soon conscious of thy maiden love :  
Then shall the darkened sea  
Break glorious on the coasts of earth,—  
The freighted argosy  
Shall spread its sails unto the wind,  
And leave the barren past behind.

Perhaps to me the future wears  
A hue more bright than may  
Adorn it, when the sun shall look  
Upon the noon of day ;  
But, to my hope, a golden orb  
Seems shining on the way,  
Undimmed by all the clouds which lie  
Thick strown beneath the morning sky.

## THE SABBATH BELL.

How like a knell  
Sounds the far off Sabbath bell !  
Not unto me  
The summons speaks an accent glad.  
Eternity  
Hath meaning sad  
Unto my faint, prophetic soul !  
The ages shall their circuit roll  
In endless gloom.  
From the low portals of the tomb,  
I see the dark procession go,  
Dumb in its ecstasy of woe !

Oh ! Sabbath bell !  
My weary ears remember thee !  
    Upon the swell  
Of that uncertain, clouded sea,  
Which bounds the voyage of our life,  
    My shallop rose and fell  
    In frolic glee,  
When first thy echo came to me !  
I did not heed thy warning note,  
    But hoisted sail,  
And watched my shallop outward float.  
    Oh ! spirit, wail  
The long, long voyage from the shore,—  
    The wreck upon the sand !  
Oh ! spirit, wail the chance that bore  
    Me desolate to land !  
  
    Oh ! Sabbath bell,  
To me thou soundest as a knell !

For, wandering on the silent shore,  
    I look upon the sea,  
And know that sorrow, evermore,  
    Companion is to me.  
In shipwreck, it alone remained.  
It points me to the ebbing wave,  
    It points me to the sand,  
    Where it, with spectre hand,  
Is digging at my shallow grave !

## MY LIFE.

As one may see the laden ship,  
    Moored near the shore  
By slender cables, safely ride  
    The waters o'er,  
While whirlwinds toss the sea to foam,—  
    My life abides.  
Thy love is my sure anchorage :  
    The changing tides  
Of circumstance but stretch the chain ;  
The ship floats safely on the main.

But all the coasts of Time are set  
    With rock-bound shores ;  
And, if the slender cable broke,  
    The laboring oars  
Unto the sea were stretched in vain.  
    The leaping wave  
That spendeth now its force in spray,  
    Would to a grave,  
Beneath the angry billows, bear  
The laden ship that rideth there !



OH ! COME.

OH ! come to me in dreams to-night !  
Beside me sleeping stand ;  
And bending, touch my troubled brow  
With gentle hand !

My waking heart is weary with  
Its longing watch for thee ;  
Oh ! therefore in a vision come,  
And look on me !

So came the angels, in the past,  
To those who inly prayed ;  
And for thy coming, holiest wish  
My soul has made !

### MY DREAM.

How sweet were toil, if thou wouldst be  
Companion to my lot !  
Beneath the heaviest burden then  
My soul would murmur not.

Nay, all the labor of the day  
Were lightened by the thought,  
That each swift moment, to thy side  
My steps at evening brought.

The times, unto our converse left,  
Were stars within the sky  
Of an unclouded Summer night,  
Sweet love ! if thou wert nigh.

My many cares at evening hours,  
When all my toil was done,  
Would gently rest, as folded flowers  
Await the morning sun !

## MY WEALTH.

I AM not poor, with love like thine ;  
Thou art the sunshine of my heart ;  
My empty cup is brimmed with wine,  
When I remember what thou art.

In thy sweet face my future lies,  
Thy words an endless music are ;  
And hope has kindled in thine eyes,  
The light that guides me near and far.

What though I own nor house, nor land,  
Nor sway the minds of kindred men,  
While I a wealth of heart command,  
Which spent, returns to me again !

DO YOU REMEMBER ?

Do you remember  
One who wandered at your side,  
In the dusk of eventide,  
Many months ago,  
While the snow  
Yet lingered in the valley green ?

The ember  
Smoulders on the hearth, unseen,  
Throughout the weary day,  
When those, for whom it kindled first,  
Are far away.  
Thus I remember !

For thee,  
The skies are calm and bright,  
And to thy far-off sunset shall  
Succeed a starry night.

But we shall be  
Apart on life's unresting sea.

Like to an isle in Tropic seas,  
For ever fair  
Thy life shall stand ;  
While we  
The storm, or Summer breeze,  
Alike shall bear  
Yet farther from the land,  
'Till some to-morrow's dawning light  
Shall glance upon the troubled wave,  
And here and there reveal a spar,  
Tossed high above an ocean grave.

## THY SORROWS.

THY sorrows are the ministers  
Of God unto thy soul.  
They pour the drop of bitterness  
Into the golden bowl,  
Whose sweetness, else, would steep thy  
heart,  
In worldly bliss alone.  
Receive them as ambassadors,  
Sent from the Holy Throne  
To the beloved of the earth,  
And, through the blinding tear,  
The glory of their angel form  
Unto thee will appear.

## THE WISH.

FORGIVE me, if, in sadder hours,  
I wish thy earthly path  
Was not through sunshine and through  
flowers ;  
For now thy journey hath  
No need of a sustaining hand,—  
No need of friendly cheer ;  
A sunlit pathway, through the land,  
Leads on from year to year.



Hadst thou been born to other fate,  
And, wandering on alone,  
Reached, with sad heart, the iron gate,  
Between whose portals shone  
The watch-fires in the fields of life,  
How gladly had I then  
Thy footsteps guided through the strife  
Of myriad struggling men !

## HOW BEAUTIFUL THOU ART !

How beautiful thou art !  
In the sad silence of an hour,  
Wherein I knew my heart  
Would never more on earth have power  
To win confession of thy love,  
Into my soul  
Thy image sank ; and though above  
Its surface roll  
The angry tides of human life,  
Yet nature, in the endless strife,  
Shall leave, untouched, the tender grace  
Of thy remembered face.

How wild was that vain dream,  
In which I thought thou wert mine own !

A moment, on the stream,  
The shadow of my life was thrown,  
And then it passed in sunlight on !

The buoyant tide  
Remembered not the bared tree,  
That drooped beside  
Its waters, wandering to the sea,  
But swept, in fuller beauty, free,  
By castle wall, and fertile plain,  
Unto the boundless main.

### CONSIDER.

FOR some wise purpose, known in heaven,  
Thy life approached to mine ;—  
The full-orbed moon unto the sea.  
Upon the waters shine  
Its rays, and swell them to a tide  
That will not more decline.

We cannot say unto the wave,—  
Break on the land no more,—  
Although it crumble, day by day,  
Our dwelling on the shore,  
And sweep, at last, in angry foam,  
The shattered roof-tree o'er.

### ERROR IN LIFE.

I do deceive myself, like unto him  
Who sees the clouds at even,  
Crowned with the glory of the sun,  
Uprising in the heaven,  
As battlements,—and dreams that far  
Within their shadow lies  
The Holy City of our rest.  
Alas ! how soon the skies

Are darkened by the hand of night !

And he, who waited long  
To see the golden gates unclose  
Before the heavenly throng,  
Which should, once more, sing songs of  
peace,

Shall, haply, only hear  
The anthem of the gathering storm,  
In thunders chanted near,  
And see the driving clouds enwrap  
The glory of the skies.

Such is the aspect of the heaven  
We watch with mortal eyes !

## HOPE.

NONE are so lost on earth, but that  
    A final prayer  
May win them mercy in the skies.  
    The judgment there  
Is tempered with sublimest love.  
    Wherever cast,  
And though a shipwreck thou hast made  
    Of all the past,  
Yet may thy humbled soul uplift  
    A prayer to God,  
Who pities ever those who bow  
    And kiss the rod.

## DREAM ON.

DREAM on. I know thy visions fair  
Find not their type in me.  
The common form of life I bear.  
No deeper mystery  
Than lingers round the lives of all,  
Attends my simple lot.  
Mine is a nature to be known,—  
And then,—to be forgot.



Thy heart would give its reverence to  
Some character, which rose  
Above the earth. An Alpine peak,  
Crowned with eternal snows,  
And glittering silent in the sun,  
Contents thy spirit more,  
Than do the empty fields which lie  
Way-trodden at thy door.

So let them rest. For thee my hand  
Plucked up the weed and thorn,  
And scattered wide the fruitful seed.  
But though the growth had borne  
The harvest of a holier life,  
The change unto thine eye  
Had brought no gladness ; therefore, let  
The grain unripened die !

Better the desert, with its drift  
Of parched and barren sand,—

Better the sterile rocks,—than see

Such growth ungathered stand.

I care not much, if blight and storm

Shall come and wither all.

Thou hast not cared, when they have

bloomed,

And wilt not, when they fall !

## THOU KNOWEST NOT.

THOU canst not tell how strong and deep

Thy hold on me has grown,

The ivy has sent down its roots

To the foundation-stone ;

And it will live, when rock and wall

Alike are overthrown.

## NO MORE.

My heart no more can clothe its hope  
With drapery of dreams,  
I have awakened to the truth.  
How cold and sunless seems  
The pathway of departing youth !  
Our manhood is such day  
As men in Arctic seasons know,  
Where twilight's broken ray  
Revealeth the unchanging snow.

No blush of Summer bloom,  
No glory of the Spring is there,  
The rugged lines of life appear  
The deeper in the gloom.  
The currents of the younger soul  
Are frozen hard and fast :  
The breath of passion changes to  
A cutting wintry blast.  
God help the wanderer who must go  
This Arctic path alone,  
And die within the wilderness,  
Forgotten, or unknown.

## THE LAST OF THE VINTAGE.

I EARLY gathered all the fruit  
    Within the vineyards of my heart,  
And filled and drained my cup, as if  
    The new-found wine would ne'er depart.  
And so I lived from day to day,  
    Until I saw the lessening store,  
And learned to know the vintage time  
    Would come to me on earth no more.

Since that sad wisdom was revealed

I watch with more than miser's art,  
Whatever now remains of all

Once stored within my burdened heart.  
I dream, perchance, that what is left  
Has ripened, on the restless sea,  
To richer worth, than all I spent  
In young and thoughtless revelry.

## THE STREAM OF LIFE.

THE bubbling, shallow, noisy brook,  
Late born in yonder grassy nook,  
Leaps out into the open day,  
Like to a frolic child at play.

A pebble throws it from its track,  
Or rolls the limpid waters back ;  
And the small pressure of the hand  
Its utmost efforts can withstand.

Yet, even in that circling play,  
The channel wears a deeper way.  
The neighboring streamlets downward glide,  
And mingle with the growing tide.



The dew-drops from the evening sky,  
Fall on its bosom silently ;  
The Summer rain, the Winter snow  
Are mingling in its calmer flow.

Between the hills the deepened stream  
Soon wanders silent as a dream ;  
Its waveless, but unresting tide  
Crumbles the nearing mountain side.  
How few who see the river's force,  
Recall the fountain at its source,  
And the small obstacles, that gave  
A path to its resistless wave !

## GONE.

I LOVE no more. The April flower  
Has withered in the Summer sun ;  
It bloomed throughout its filling hour—  
The harvest time has now begun.  
The fields of life encumbered stand,  
Perchance, with nobler growth to-day ;  
And duty guides the laboring hand,  
From ruddy morn to twilight gray.

But yet, although the harvest yields  
Unto my toil a rich return,  
I stand among the flowerless fields,  
And for the growths of April yearn.  
The violet springing by the brook,  
Wild wandering downward to the sea,  
Was lovelier, in its sheltered nook,  
Than are the harvest fields to me !

## SINK TO THY REST.

SINK to thy rest, oh ! glorious sun,  
And draw the veil of night  
Around thy couch within the west !  
Hail ! to the starry light  
That trembles in the upper sky ;  
And to the full-orbed moon,  
That slow and silent wanders on  
Unto her silvered noon !

How like a Queen she reigns in heaven !  
Supreme in all the throng,  
Whose choral voices yet repeat  
Creation's earliest song.  
Look upward, through the boundless night,  
Oh ! wondering soul of man,  
And, to the breadth of endless space  
Compare life's narrow span !

### A CALM UNKNOWN.

A CALM, unknown for weary days,  
    Upon my spirit fell,  
While lingering by thee yesternight.  
    It was as if the swell  
Of ocean broke no more  
In surges on the shore,  
But silent touched the nearing land.  
    I trust the Summer peace,  
Then brooding o'er the waves of Time,  
    May only know increase.

## GRAVES.

I SOMETIMES stand at eventide,  
Among a thousand dead,  
Who were, by hands of those they loved,  
Well sepulchred.

Many, I knew in other years,  
When they and I were young ;  
With some have stood at close of day  
These scenes among.

The marble tablet tells their worth,—  
The sorrow of their friends.  
With such brief record, all their tale  
Of being ends.

I touch, with lingering hand, the grass  
That o'er them richly grows ;  
And mark their stature by the mounds  
Which them enclose.

There are no footprints round about,  
The dead are left alone.  
The goal of man's affection, is  
The burial stone.

Why wish for stately monuments  
Above us, when we die !  
The sad memorial only meets  
The stranger's eye.

He reads the name with careless glance,  
And then straightway departs.  
The hands of men remember us,  
But not their hearts.



As well the pauper's nameless grave,—  
The sleep of friendless men,—  
As be entombed in marble, and  
Forgotten then !

### THY FANCY IS.

THY fancy is, that he alone  
Can rule thy woman mind,  
Whose nature hath to iron grown.  
Unto a will defined,  
And absolute, thy love it seems  
Will wholly be resigned. !

I cannot such a conqueror be ;  
I do not ask for power  
O'er those I love.—As well assert  
Dominion o'er the flower  
That fills with sweetness all the breath  
Of morning's purest hour.

It is no portion of the love  
 Which in my heart I bear,  
 To master thy unbroken will,—  
 It may its freedom wear.  
 The wider realm that love unfolds,  
 With thee my life would share.

Nature has made thee equal to  
 The proudest of us all,  
 In that high gift of intellect  
 Which we our province call ;  
 And, though I bow'd in life to none,  
 I could not thee enthrall.

My vision hath been to create  
 Such sympathy of heart,  
 As will enable thee to bear  
 On earth an equal part  
 Of joy and care alike.—For this  
 Thou nobly fitted art.

I yield my being up to thee,  
As earth in silence lies  
Beneath the arching heaven :  
Enriching from the skies,  
In sunshine and in cloud alike,  
Its noblest treasures.

## WHEN I CONSIDER.

SOMETIMES, when I consider all  
The tumult and the stir  
Of daily life ;—how often Truth  
Mocks at the worshipper  
Who cleaves unto her earthly robe ;—  
How envy, pride and hate  
Can poison deep the friendly cup,  
And closest hearts unmate ;—  
The sunshine seems to lose its light,  
And all the beauty fades  
From hill and valley, from the fields,  
The sea, and forest shades.

## WHY NOT CONTENT.

OH ! why is not thy soul content  
To let the future find  
Its anchorage where now thou art !  
Else may the changing wind  
Part us upon the deep,  
Although my heart shall keep  
Such watch as shipwrecked men maintain  
Upon a sail at sea ;  
For, unto vision lost, the hope  
Some storm-girt night may be !

## THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

How can a wanderer, far astray,  
Discover where he missed his way,  
When phantoms mock his straining sight,  
And all the sky is dark with night !

At early morn, with buoyant heart,  
They watched him from his home depart.  
The April sky was calm and bright ;  
The clouds were touched with rosy light :  
And, in the shadow of the dawn,  
The fading moonbeams glimmered wan.

He said it was a cloudless day ;  
He could not miss his easy way :  
That, long before the noon, his eye  
The golden city would descry,  
And he beneath its turrets dwell  
Before the evening shadows fell.

A moment,—and the boy was gone  
Across the rising ground ;  
And then his footsteps mingled with  
The multitude around.

The tears upon his earnest face  
Too soon, alas ! were dry,  
So full of wonders was the place  
That met his eager eye.  
The busy crowd swept to and fro,  
And sported on the track ;  
Some onward ever seemed to go,  
And some were loitering back.



‘The way is rough and hard,’ they said,  
‘We cannot climb the mountain’s head ;  
And know not if the rugged height  
Does not to other steeps invite.’

Again there came a goodly band  
Of youths and maidens, hand in hand :  
They stopped upon the neighboring green,  
And danced the stalwart oaks between.

‘The day is long ; this calm retreat  
Is sheltered from the noonday heat ;  
And, when the sun is sinking low,  
Upon our journey we will go.  
For why is all around so fair,  
If none were meant to linger there ?’

At morn he listened to the young,  
And laughed and danced the gay among ;  
And when the sun was overhead,  
He thought of what the elders said.

The mountain hourly seemed to grow  
More distant to his weary gaze,  
And, as he mused, the single path  
Was hidden in the evening haze.

Far up, a lofty pinnacle  
Gleamed in the fast departing light ;  
A beacon, and a sigh of fear  
Unto his unbelieving sight :  
For there the temple glimmered through  
The darkness of the growing night.

A beacon,—yet the day was past,  
And all the valley deep,  
Was shadowed in the silence of  
A never-ending sleep.

The mother, standing at her door,  
Saw not her erring offspring more :  
Nor did the temple's opening gate  
Receive the wanderer, coming late.

## I HAVE BEEN HAPPY.

I HAVE been happy. Time has been,  
    When privilege of life  
Was glorious to my bounding pulse ;  
    When all the eager strife  
Of manly effort for the laurel crown,  
    Created in my soul  
The joy of an Olympian game.  
    The chariots by me roll  
While I stand idle on the earth,  
    For, unto me, the race  
Has lost its charm :—I care not who  
    Attains the foremost place.

What matter if the strife were done !  
What matter if the race were won !

Once I could live for self alone ;—  
    Once the applauding breath  
Of multitudes, had even strown  
    The path to early death  
With flowers.—Once, beauty and the love  
    Of woman, seemed to be  
The ornaments of life, from which  
    'Twere wiser to be free,  
Save in the mirth of festal days.—  
    Once Hope a vesture wore,  
With jewels rich and Tyrian dyes.  
    Such dreams return no more.  
Were all mine own, my heart would bear  
Only a larger weight of care !

## THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

THE sober days of Autumn now  
Are garlanding the Year  
With withered leaves and faded flowers,  
And grasses dead and sere.

The coronal of Spring is gone.  
The Summer's later glow  
Has paled before the chilling wind,  
And in the early snow.

The Year is dying, day by day,  
And soon, a wintry night  
Shall seal its closing vision to  
The darkness and the light.

It will not sleep in earthly grave,  
But every heart will bear  
A portion of its ashes, in  
Our pilgrimage of care.

## I LOVE THEE.

I LOVE thee, as the hunted hind  
Thirsts for the water brook,  
When far across the desert sands  
She turns a weary look.  
Sometimes, unto her straining eye,  
There seemeth to appear  
A distant lake and palm-girt shore,  
But as she draweth near  
The waters vanish in the sky,—  
The palms no more are seen.  
She knows it was a vision, yet  
Her failing strength has been  
Outworn upon the desert bare.  
What wonder, if she dieth there !

## TO THE PUREST.

THOU art within thy chamber dim.

The slowly waning light

On darkness verges in the east.

Beside the embers bright

Thou sittest long,—forgetful half

If it be day or night.

Before thee is the open book

Of God's revealèd word ;

Upon it rest thy claspèd hands.

No utterance has stirred

The silent breathing of thy lips,

And yet thy prayer is heard.



Thou prayest that thy life may be  
    So ordered, that its end  
Will find thy soul at peace with Heaven.  
    No earthly wishes blend  
With holier thoughts. Untainted, all  
    Thy prayers to God ascend.

As Mary turned from all the world,  
    And suffered not its care  
To come between her path and heaven,—  
    And could her beauty wear  
Unconscious as the opening flower ;—  
    So thou, than whom more fair

Are none in all this glorious earth,  
    Canst see each troubled soul  
Around thee, strew its path with thorns ;—  
    And, with a sweet control  
Of all thyself, await in peace  
    Until the golden bowl

Is broken at the fount of life,—  
    Until the silver cord  
Is loosed between thee and the world.  
    Thou knowest that thy Lord,  
To whom such innocence is given,  
    Will make thee thy reward.

## I HAVE OUTWATCHED.

I HAVE outwatched the fires of life ;  
They die upon the plain ;  
And, in the darkness of the night,  
The stars are seen again.

Mine were the beacon lights of earth ;  
To ashes they have turned :  
Yet, all the while, unwatched above,  
The holy stars have burned !

Had I looked to their changeless light,  
I had not gone astray,  
Nor, in the dreary midnight, stood  
Beside the ashes gray !

### THY RULE.

THY spirit rules within my breast,  
A Queen upon the throne,  
And all my silent thoughts obey  
Thy sovereignty alone.  
Beloved, wherefore wilt thou not  
Receive me as thine own !

It may not be a regal sway,  
But never potentate  
To nobler uses could command  
The government of state,  
Or wield with more authority  
A willing subject's fate.

Oh ! can it not suffice thy mind  
 To have such sceptred sway ?  
 Or art thou not content, unless  
 The multitude obey,  
 And to thee, on a gilded throne,  
 A ceaseless homage pay ?

I think it not. Thy angel mind  
 No worldly raiment wears,  
 Nor seeks, in pomp and circumstance,  
 Increase of daily cares.  
 Embroidered only on thy breast,  
 A Christian cross it bears.

Thou wilt not leave the throne whereon  
 So long thy place has been ;  
 But with a kinder rule wilt sway  
 My heart, oh ! Virgin Queen !  
 How desolate, if thou wert gone,  
 Alas ! were all within !

## MY SOUL.

MY soul for starless darkness longs.

The night leaves memory free,  
To people every empty heart

With shapes that may not be  
Discerned in light of common day.

The grace of vanished youth,—  
The loveliness of other days,  
Are then once more a truth.

A truth unto remembrance, though  
Upon life's desert way,  
The flowers that longest bloomed have  
known  
At last a sure decay.

A truth, though none remain, whose love  
Gave beauty to the morn,  
And though we stand at eve alone,  
Forsaken and forlorn.

Come, night, and draw thy dusky veil  
Across the arching sky ;  
I weary of the golden lights,  
Which on the meadows lie.  
The glory of the earth to me  
Unreal splendor seems,  
Akin to that magnificence  
Which cheats us in our dreams.

## UNTO THE BROKEN HEART.

THERE is no beauty in the earth

Unto the broken heart.

The song of mirth

Is sadder than the dirge ;

And art

And its creations, seem

An empty dream.

The glory of the morning sky,—

The sun-lit trees,—

The shaded dells, and meadows near

To Summer seas,—



The chant of woodland songs,—

The waterfall,—

Are wrongs

Unto the eye and ear,

For they recall

The lost and dead

Who from our earthly paths have fled.

### THIS APRIL MOON.

THIS April moon will tempt thee forth  
To stand beneath the sky :  
No gloomy shadows of the night  
Upon the meadows lie.  
A veil of beauty robes the earth.  
The distant waters are  
Unto her breast a silver shield.  
Encrownèd by the star  
She sleeps, and God above  
Keeps watch with his eternal love.

Thine eyes are on the earth and heaven.

Thy silent thoughts outpour  
In solitude the breath of prayer.

If life can e'er restore  
The grace, which unto nature gave,  
When angels sang on high  
The beauty of the new-born world,  
Thy spirit draweth nigh  
Unto the type, created when  
God walked among our fellow-men.

I cannot hope that in the calm  
Of thy deep thoughts, there came  
Remembrance of my love, or yet  
A murmur of my name.  
But if the wandering spirit may  
Its nearing presence tell,  
My soul has whispered to thy ear.  
I trust the words may swell

The current of thy heart above  
Its shores, and deepen it to love.

May angels guard thy rest to-night !

Thy childlike sleep shall seal

Thy vision to the things of earth ;

But slumber shall reveal

The land, in which thy spirit dwells.

I may not enter there :

And yet I trust thy lips, in dreams,

Will breathe an earnest prayer,

That in this world, and that to come,

We both may find a common home.

## I WATCH ALONE.

I WATCH alone this silent night,—  
Alone, and yet  
A thousand shapes are gliding near.  
The dead have met  
The living in the shadowy throng.  
Forgotten years  
Upon my head their ashes lay ;  
Forgotten tears  
Their long-dried channels fill,  
And flow at will.

I feel that I this phantom host  
Could drive away,  
And summon to my presence all  
The bright array

Which Hope can marshal in her train.

But well I know

That all, around me gathered now,

Wore long ago

The beauty of the earth.

Behold its worth !

A little while, and I may be

Mourned with the rest :

The valley clods may crumble on

My pulseless breast.

A shadow of a bygone time,

My name may be ;

And thou, perchance, in solitude

Mine image see ;—

Recalling then the years,

I trust with tears.

## WE ARE NOT MASTERS.

WE are not masters of the years ;  
    Each Summer hour,  
The current of our lives shrinks up,  
    And loses power.  
The full fresh tides of youthful thought,  
    That channelled deep  
Their course in earlier, happier days,  
    Shall silent sleep  
In mantling pools. The withered tree  
    Will to the sun  
Of Summer show its barèd boughs ;  
    And, standing on

The meadows wide, the eye shall see

The harvest field

So swept by time, that it may not

To gleaners yield

Aught for the charities of life.

The fields were sown

By hands forgotten.—The harvest was

For Death alone.



OH ! PROPHET HEART.

OH ! prophet heart ! from early days

My sorrow was foretold

By thy deep utterance. The tide

Of human woe has rolled

Ceaseless upon the shores of life.

Sometimes a golden sun

Has lit the waters with its beams ;

But yet they broke upon

The shattered years, and spared them not.

In sunshine and in cloud,

Each fair young Hope that ventured forth,

Has gone unto a shroud.

Is there no sign of calmer seas !  
Thou watchman standing far  
Above the mists of earth,—whose brow  
Is crownèd with the star  
That shone on Bethlehem long ago,—  
Speak to the waters wild !  
Remember all thy sorrows, Lord,  
When thou wert here a child.  
Oh ! prophet heart ! thy mantle dark  
Upon his altars lay !  
God stills the waters in their wrath,  
Whene'er his children pray !

### DREAMING.

To-NIGHT, while I sit dreaming here,  
Perchance thou art at prayer ;  
I would the roaming wind to me  
The murmured words would bear,  
That I might know that thou hadst asked  
For me thy Father's care.

The world had laid upon my heart,  
For years, an iron hand,  
And closed the gate from whence it looked  
Unto the spirit-land,  
Until I thought I heard thy soul  
Beside the portal stand.

In that calm hour it opened to  
A glimpse of earth and sky,  
Which shone as if an Eden came  
Unto the dreaming eye ;  
And my rapt soul in glory walked  
A brighter world on high.

I sudden woke from that sweet trance,  
And round me looked to find  
The angel hand, whose touch had oped  
Such vision to the blind,  
And brought a sunshine not of earth  
Unto my darkened mind.

It was a dream. The dark around  
To me no comfort brought ;  
The echo of a passing voice  
Lived only in my thought ;  
For some sweet strain that floated by,  
My prisoned soul had caught.

To-night, while I sit dreaming here,  
I know thou art at prayer ;  
But, in the voiceless wish thy soul  
Breathes on the evening air,  
The heart that loves thee best on earth,  
Alas ! has little share.

## THE HISTORY.

As night by night, in other years,  
I lingered by thy side,  
Methinks I might have known my heart  
Welled out a fuller tide,  
And seen a freighted hope upon  
Its tranquil bosom glide.

The waters did not from the rock,  
As in a moment, flow.  
It was no desert miracle.  
They gathered, dropping slow  
From the long sealèd font, as if  
They were the melting snow.

Thine eye discerned the larger stream.

Although thy heart was free,  
And neither spoke, yet oft thy thought

In silence turned to me.—

The rivulet to the river grew,  
Slow wandering to the sea.

Upon its waves, my mortal hopes  
Float onward to the deep.

No friendly hands the courses steer.—

Thy thoughts in silence sleep,  
While sorrow spreads the canvas torn,  
And cares the watches keep.

## THE VOICE OF PRAYER.

THE voice of prayer has ceased with me.

The Holy gates above  
Are closed unto the heart of him,  
Who made a human love  
His arbiter for all the years.

Unto that love was given,  
Without return, the worship due  
To God alone in heaven.

And yet a love so deep and pure  
Deserved a better end.  
I do not at my fate repine,  
For sorrow cannot mend



The broken links between our lives.

My refuge is in pride ;

For gentler thoughts were trodden down,

And in thy pathway died.

When men hereafter name my name,

As one to feeling dead,

Remember who the final shaft

Upon its errand sped.

If manhood be an early grave

Unto my trusting soul,

At thy deep fountain broken was,

For me, the golden bowl.

OH ! MORNING STAR.

WHY art thou hidden from my view,  
Oh ! morning star,  
That on Chaldean sages rose !  
Thy glories are  
Unseen in all the heavens above !  
A Prince is born  
Unto the nations of the earth ;  
The creed outworn  
Of worldliness is past and dead :  
I bear, within  
My full-stored heart, the offering  
Of what has been

Most precious to my elder life,—  
The balm of love,  
Grown pure in life's unwithered tree,—  
Yet look above,  
And see no light revealed in heaven !  
Oh ! morning star,  
By watchful sages earliest seen,  
Shining afar,  
Why falleth not thy light on me !  
I stand among  
The fields of earth, nor hear the sounds  
Of angel song,  
Ascending to the breaking dawn.  
The morn of grace is gone !

## THE COMING SHADOW.

THE shadow of a day  
That soon must come, upon me lies.  
'Tis but a brief delay  
Ere thou shalt stand with drooping eyes,  
And, at God's altar, say  
The words which give thy life away.

Within thy heart shall be  
The gladness of a spirit blest ;  
No bitter memory  
Shall wander nigh thy peaceful breast,

And happy in thy fate,  
Unto the future all thy thoughts shall turn.

Before the golden gate,  
Then opening wide, shall brightly burn  
The myriad lamps of trust and love,  
Lit by a glory from above.

I could not cloud thy joy,  
Nor would I, if the power were mine.

My love hath no alloy  
Of baser thought. I silent stand,  
And see thee wander far  
Beyond the grasp of my weak hand.

Thy beauty, as a star,  
Shall rise upon another's even,  
While I wait in the night,  
And see no glory in the heaven.

I mourn the vanished sight  
Of that fair Hope, which led me on,  
And know it is for ever gone.

## REMEMBRANCES.

My inward lookings only bring  
Her presence back to view,  
Whom, when my life was in its Spring,  
In every pulse I knew.  
How fair she looked, the greenwood shade,  
The Summer leaves among,  
When, by the breath of evening swayed,  
Her loosened tresses hung !

I did not dream that she would look  
    To other life than mine,  
Though she was as the tranquil brook,  
    And I the stormy brine.  
Now wandering in the hills afar,  
    Her path is hid from me,  
Though earth and sky and polar star  
    Therein may mirrored be.

## THE HARVEST OF LIFE.

THE buds and blossoms of the Spring  
More beautiful appear,  
Than all the harvest gathered in  
The Summer of the year.  
But they who pluck the fragrant flower,  
And slight the ripened grain,  
Shall mourn among the empty fields,  
In Autumn's sober wane.



The withered leaves, the broken stalk,  
The blossoms, dead and dry,  
Recall no likeness to themselves  
Beneath the Summer sky.  
And he, who made his harvest such,  
Can only mourn in vain ;  
For never more in life we reap,  
When Autumn's on the wane.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

My soul is dark : I cannot see  
The path my feet should tread,  
But hopeless walk the open road,  
The broader way instead,  
Although I knew the sunless land  
To which it ever led.

Around me rise the mists of earth.  
I grope as in a cloud.  
No answer comes unto my heart,  
Whene'er I cry aloud,  
And every shape about me wears  
The likeness of a shroud.

I silent kneel to God in prayer,  
Alone, at dead of night,  
And inly ask that there should shine  
For me the pillared light,  
Whose radiance glimmered in the van  
Of Israel's dreary flight.

But all the dark unbroken is  
Unto my straining eye ;  
No light appears to break the gloom  
Of the o'erarching sky.  
A rayless shadow only seems  
To me approaching nigh.

And yet I know an angel hand  
Is near me on my way,  
Whose lightest touch my listening heart  
Would hasten to obey ;  
And it could lead me through the cloud  
Unto the open day.

An angel sent, I thought of Heaven,  
To be my spirit guide,  
To whom I have reached out my arms,  
And called on every side ;  
And yet, in all my sorrow, she  
Has not to me replied.

Perchance she stands beneath the sky,  
Herself in silent prayer,  
Content with Nature, and its wealth  
Of Earth, and light, and air,—  
Forgetful of a parting soul,  
While she is dreaming there.

So let her dream.—The time may come,  
When she, awakened late,  
Will feel that God appointed her  
To influence my fate ;  
Although, perchance, His providence  
Would not the years await.

The years ! who can foretell the end !

In all the gloom I stand,

And hear the glass of time drop down

The grains of golden sand,

And know not if I ever may

Another year command !

Oh ! God, why came this messenger

To me in darkness near,

Unless she whisper words of hope

Unto my listening ear ;

And, with a holy counsel, seek

My fainting heart to cheer !

## RELIGION.

To me, Religion, thou art not  
In dark, ascetic habit clad.  
I hail thee as a spirit glad.  
Thou hast transformed the lot  
Of martyrs, to a state  
More glorious than a prince's realm.  
The darkest fate  
That can our human life o'erwhelm,

Beneath thine eye  
Will brighten, till the upper sky  
Shows not a cloud.  
The shroud,  
When touched by thee is glorified,  
And death defied.  
The grave itself becomes a crystal gate,  
Where we shall wait  
In silent longing, till the bar  
Is lifted high ;  
And then, crowned by the Eastern star,  
Enter the sky.

## TO MY SOUL.

WHY art thou vexed, my soul,  
With ceaseless lust of fame?  
Nor honor, nor the pride  
Of an undying name,  
Nor wealth, nor loud acclaim,  
Should be thy aim.

Look on the churchyard, and  
Among the nameless dead,  
Behold the monument  
Above the great man's head.  
His epitaph unread,  
And praise unsaid.



Better the simple mound,  
    With grasses wild o'ergrown,  
Than sculptured bust, or urn  
    Of monumental stone,  
If, to thy God alone,  
    Thy worth was known.

## THE DEAD.

THE ploughshare may thy hillock turn,  
The corn about it grow,  
The rustic bind the golden sheaf  
Above thee lying low.

The sun may glimmer on thy bones,  
And they neglected lie,  
And bleach in every Wintry wind,  
And every Summer sky.

It is as well for thee that such  
Should be thy body's doom,  
As if it lay in sculptured vault,  
In deep cathedral gloom.

SOLITARY PRAYER.

HERE, in this solemn depth of wood,  
    Away from human eyes,  
My heart an altar makes.  
    No worldly thoughts intrude.  
    Above me are the skies.  
The breath of Summer wakes  
Among the leaves a mournful air,  
Like to the cadence of a prayer.

I know an early promise came,  
That God would be  
Where two or three  
Were gathered in His name.  
But, as the Saviour went apart  
To solitary prayer,  
And poured his troubled spirit out  
Unto the midnight air,  
When not a human eye could see  
His agony,—  
So would I, in this lonely place,  
Come nearer to my Father's face.

## PRAVER.

BEND beneath thy sorrow deep,  
Bend,—but do not break ;  
Unto Hope's reviving light  
Thy burdened heart shall wake.

God does not on our spirits lay  
More than we should bear,  
But looks to see us ask His help  
In unceasing prayer.

Thou shalt not need to wait on Him  
As courtiers wait on kings,  
Until an answer, long deferred,  
A slender solace brings.

Thy lonely chamber is a court,  
Whence thou canst see His face.  
The sovereign Lord of all the world  
Is near in every place.

## THE PLOUGHSHARE.

THE ploughshare driveth o'er the field,—

The single flower

That upward springs to greet the sun,

Beholds the hour

Of its untimely death at hand.

What though the grain,

In some far distant Summer, yield

Return upon

The broader stretch of broken land !

I shall repine

That the fair flower no more is mine !

## A WINTER NIGHT.

THE Earth is dead. Beneath the snow  
It lieth in a winding sheet ;  
And all who look upon its face,  
Go and return with muffled feet.

The sad night-wind its requiem sings ;  
The Winter robes it for the tomb ;  
And silent stars burn funeral lights  
Above it, in the deepening gloom.



## I KNOW AT LAST.

I KNOW at last that thou art not  
Appointed for my guide ;  
Thy gentle heart will never more  
To mine seem close allied.  
I look upon thy love, and feel  
It is a falling tide.

It was a dream too full of joy,  
To last until the day  
Its glory in the darkness came,—  
In darkness passed away,  
And left me, sleepless, to await  
The morning cold and gray.

I would the common day were near,  
And that the strife and din  
Of struggling men were heard alone  
My weary heart within,  
That I might mingle with the crowd,  
Forgetting what has been.

Why seemed the arching heaven above  
To open unto me,  
And holy angels to descend,  
If in the dawn I see  
No sign of promise, and around  
The desert only be !

The desert, and its glittering sand,  
Spread out beneath the sky,—  
Unbroken by the golden palm,—  
No well of water nigh,—  
Where, when the weary traveller halts,  
He only halts to die !

## TO MY SOUL.

WHEREFORE art thou sad, my soul,  
And burdened by thy care ?  
This is thy appointed grief,—  
The burden thou must bear.

The narrow pathway to thy God  
Is margined by the thorn.  
The heart is lifted up to Heaven,  
From a world forlorn.

Mourn not that His will has hushed  
The voices heard in youth.  
Their well loved music filled thy ears,  
And closed thy heart to truth.

Now, in the dark and silent night,  
The angels round thee stand,  
And long loved faces seem to look  
From out the spirit land.

Let not the green grass on the earth  
Thy hope with fear affright ;  
It is the curtain which conceals  
An Eden from thy sight.

## IT IS NOT LIFE.

It is not life to stand alone,  
    Upon this wide-spread earth,  
Beside an altar overthrown.—  
    The privilege is worth  
No more, than, to the broken stone,  
    Remembrance that it bore  
Once the holiest sacrifice ;  
    Though never, never more  
Shall Priest, or Priestess, minister  
    Before the empty shrine.  
The sacred chalice shattered is,  
    And wasted is the wine.

The desert sands untrodden lie.

What, though in elder days,  
There rose, to a serener sky,  
The choral song of praise !

The oracles of life are dumb.

With saddest accent plead,  
No voice shall from the temple come  
To answer to thy need.

It is not life to stand alone,  
Beside thy altar's broken stone.

## THE TIDE OF ANGER.

THE tide of anger runs not long in me.

Its force, constrained, is spent  
Upon the barriers of a soul,

In trials more content  
To bear misfortune, than to chide.

The utterance of grief,  
Rising in wild reproach, to me  
Affordeth not relief.

I shall not break our slender bonds,  
Because they will not bear  
The burden of a common life.

We cannot always share  
With whom we will our mortal fate.

An unseen spirit sways  
Our destiny in this : and he is wise,  
Who silently obeys.

Unto such sad decree my soul submits,—

Submits with bitter tears,—  
For I behold a lonely path,

On which the spectre years  
Stand, joyless, waiting till I pass ;  
With crowns of withered flowers  
In mockery set upon the glass,  
With which they count the hours.

I fear to loose my hand from thine.

While yet it may remain,



An Eastern star seems shining on  
The rock-bound desert plain.  
Oh ! heavenly Father ! wherefore was  
Withheld from me such guide,  
With whom my soul was well content  
To walk the desert wide !

## FAREWELL.

FAREWELL,—we stand upon the verge  
Of that last hour  
Which ends the journey of the past.  
I have not power  
To stay the purpose of thy heart.  
Thy fixèd will  
Unto my saddest utterance speaks,—  
Peace and be still.

Peace lest the sweetness of thy calm

Should broken be.

Peace lest the whisper of the world

Approach to thee.

Thou wishest that my love should die,

And make no sign.

A silent unseen martyrdom,

Thou wouldst have mine.

Thou askest of me to forget,—

Forget, and be

A gay companion on the path

Of life to thee,

Cheering thy spirit with my mirth.

Oh ! would that I

Could tutor thus my scattered hopes,

Or from thee fly.

Could fly, and carry not the links,

Left broken in

My wounded heart, and think no more  
Of what has been.  
But cankering there shall they remain !  
Remain to tell  
The story known unto my life,  
Alas ! too well.

Unconsciously hast thou filled up  
Unto the brim,  
With bitterness, life's single cup ;  
The vision dim  
Of gladness, with unsparing hand,  
Hast driven far :  
And clouded, in the heaven of life,  
The single star.

## THE SABBATH MORN.

THE Sabbath morn should be  
The halting station on the road of life,  
Where to our armor we  
May look, and test it for the morrow's strife.

The battle of the world  
Should not encroach upon this time of rest :  
With all our standards furled,  
We should remove the corslet from the breast.

And standing silent then,  
Beneath the cope of the o'erhanging sky,  
Remember that all men,—  
The victors and the vanquished,—all must die.

The trophies, which we gain  
In the wild struggle,—fighting hand to hand,—  
Shall not our souls maintain,  
When entering naked in the spirit land.

For soldiers of the cross  
We are not ; but unto that host belong,  
Whose victory is loss,—  
Enlisted ever on the side of wrong.

While, therefore, on the way  
We halt to try upon the Sabbath morn  
Our armor for the fray,  
Let us consider why the helm is worn.

Better the olive leaf  
Should, with the myrtle, deck thy humble brow,  
Than be an armèd chief  
Among the hosts that look upon thee now.

## THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

THE child, beside his mother's knee,  
Knows little of the open sea.  
In a secluded vale he dwells,  
Where golden sands, and smooth-lipped shells  
    Amuse his life ;  
Unconscious that the whirlwinds sweep  
The surface of the outer deep,  
    With never-ending strife.

He sees, perchance,  
Some bark upon the shore,  
    Which sailed of late  
The waters o'er.

The broken spars, the rifted deck,  
The silence of the wave-washed wreck,  
    Impress his heart ;  
But, in the sunshine on the sea,  
And Summer breezes blowing free,  
    Such thoughts depart.

The sturdy oak is growing near,  
    The ash within the forest stands,  
And yet he builds an osier bark,  
    Secured with silken bands.  
    The pennants gay  
    Stream from the mast,  
As on the outward tide he floats,  
    Receding fast.

Oh ! mother, who hast known  
    The terrors of the sea,  
In all the watches of the night  
    How thinks thy son of thee,



Who, smiling stood upon the strand,  
And sent him helpless from the land.

What wonder, when a time  
Of looking out is past,  
Some sad memorial of his fate  
Upon the shore is cast !—  
And that he,  
Gone down at sea,  
Is lost to earth and all its memory !

## EARLY DEATH.

MOURN not sweet soul, that death appeared  
Unto thee while the sky  
Yet brightened to the perfect noon.  
It seemeth hard to die,  
When earth is opening wide the gate  
Unto the golden light,  
And Summer gladness of the young.  
And yet such early flight  
Is sweeter, than when we remain  
To see the sunshine wane,  
And darkness gather on the earth ;—

The night, wherein we are  
Unguided by a star !  
Mourn not sweet soul that death appeared  
Unto thee, ere the day  
Had lost its gladness,—while the flowers  
Knew not as yet decay.

### A LITTLE WHILE.

A LITTLE while, and we may meet ;  
And that one hour  
Be unto all the growing time,  
As the fair flower  
Unto the green and leafy stem,—  
A crowning diadem.

A little while, and we may meet ;  
And that one hour  
Be unto all the passèd time,  
As the dead flower  
Unto the dry and leafless stem,—  
A broken diadem.

## IF HOLY ANGELS.

If holy angels spread their wings  
    Around on every side,  
And minister to human life,  
    Why wanders, far and wide  
From heavenly paths my erring soul !  
    It stands with listening ear,—  
Lost in the labyrinth of the world,—  
    For some sweet whisper near,

Which shall direct its way aright ;—  
But none, alas ! is heard.  
I know such spirit wandered by,  
For all the silence stirred  
To music, as I breathless stood.  
But to my earnest prayer  
No answer came.—The echo died  
Upon the desert bare.

## IT IS A YEAR.

YES ! it is a year,  
Since, in my heart, first kindled were  
The lights of Hope and Love.  
The passing Time has tried thy soul.  
Thou canst not move  
The golden hinges from their rest.  
I stand without thy closed breast,—  
The gates will never open roll.

Yes ! it is a year,  
And brief to thee such season seems,  
For thou art nursed in Summer dreams,  
And days appear  
As moments to thy sleeping soul.  
To thee my love in visions came,—  
From thee in visions went,—  
And other dreams thy mind control.  
As one in water writes a name,  
While cloudless skies are bent  
Above,—thy heart recorded mine.  
'Twas writ upon a Summer's day,  
And in the sunlight passed away.  
Unruffled now the waters shine.

Yes, it is a year !  
To me a time of weary thought.  
The present from the future brought  
No charm against the sorrow near.



In silent toil  
My life has burned its waning oil,  
And other lights are gone !  
How slowly have the lingering days  
Swept by in laggard flight !  
How cheerlessly the evening rays  
Are yielding to the night !  
I wonder, looking on  
The way I came, that human eyes  
Could blinded thus remain.  
But what is wisdom worth, when Time  
Can come no more again !

Yes, it is a year !  
A year, that hath its Spring-time known,—  
Its sweet and flowering May,—  
Its silent Summer,—and at last  
Its Autumn day ;  
And, in the Winter now, its life  
Has passed away.

## THY LIFE.

EARTH has no fountain in her breast  
To match the hidden well,  
From which the waters of thy life  
In stainless beauty swell,  
Sweet flowing from thy inner heart,  
As from a crystal cell.

But yet its calm and silvery course  
Would vanish like a dream,  
If through its quiet channel swept  
That dark and turbid stream,  
Upon whose wreck-strewn surface, sleeps  
No golden Summer beam.

Thy gentler course shall softly glide  
 The purple hills among,  
 As pure as when the waters first  
 To light and motion sprung,  
 Revealing ever in their depth  
 The sky above thee hung.

## I AM NOT FREE.

I AM not free from taint of wrong.

Nay, mingling with the flow  
Of purest thought, are elements,  
Which, to my vision, show  
The grosser soil of human life.

Thus will the current glide,  
Until the waters reach the sea,  
Unless the fuller tide  
Within some peaceful valley swim,  
And, slower moving, be  
By its own strength and nature's calm  
Restored to purity.

Thy thoughts would be the stately hills  
Beside its tranquil way ;  
Thy love would, on its silent depths,  
Shine like a starry ray ;  
And by its verge the flowerets spring.  
Oh ! wherefore should it be  
For ever wandering through the sands,  
To mingle with the sea !  
Better the fountain at its source  
In other years had dried,  
Than that the desert thus should be  
Swept by its fuller tide !

OH ! TREE OF KNOWLEDGE !

SAD tree of knowledge ! from thy bough,  
In Summers gone,  
The golden fruit in beauty hung.  
I gazed upon  
Its sweetness in the night and morn.  
My soul was won  
To touch it by the angel near.  
Yet, though to me,  
It opened holier views of life,  
Mine eye must see  
The radiant gates of Eden closed,  
Eternally.

## TO HOME RETURNED.

THOU art to us returned again.

To me it seems

As if in all thy absence I

Had walked in dreams ;

For day was shorn of golden light,

And all the hours,

Slowly and sad, went wandering by.

No crowning flowers

The hand of Spring upon them cast.

Cowlèd were they

As mourners, who unto a grave

Bore Time away.

Yet now that we can meet once more,—  
    In happiness,—  
True children of the Summer light,  
    They onward press,  
Singing sweet carols in their glee.  
    From morn till eve  
They fill my heart with silent joy,  
    And chaplets weave  
From such sweet growths as Hope will bring.  
    Yet, who can say,  
If these will cheer my heart in all  
    The Summer day!



## I HAVE NOT SEEN THEE.

I HAVE not seen thee, yet I know  
That thou art near :  
Thy presence as the sunshine comes  
Upon the year,  
That else, in hues of sadness would  
To me appear.

I have watched for thee, as we look  
In early Spring  
To see the sweet bird on the bough  
Its carol sing,  
While field and greening tree around  
Are blossoming.

To me, thou as the Spring-time art.

Thy thoughts are showers  
That, falling on my barren heart,  
Put forth in flowers,  
Until a radiant grace has filled  
The happy hours.

I have not seen thee, yet I feel  
That thou art near,  
And brightest Summer lends its charm  
Unto the year.  
To me, of Hope the coronal  
Thou dost appear.

## UNMOVED WE SEE.

UNMOVED, we see the floweret die,  
Before its open leaves  
Have caught the glory of the sky.  
Unmoved, in Summer eves,  
We watch the clouds in darkness hide  
The myriad stars, which burn  
Their heavenly watch-fires far and wide.  
The floweret shall return  
In beauty to another Spring ;  
The clouds, on other nights,  
Will shadow not with dusky wing  
God's glorious beacon lights.

But, not unmoved, we see decay  
The growth, the spirit bears  
Before our manhood fades away.  
Among the tangled cares  
Of life, the single flower is born.  
Alas ! the barren earth  
In its creation is outworn ;  
And all the after worth  
Of Time, is counted by a hand  
That toils in endless pain,  
But cannot, to the barren land,  
Bring back its growth again.

Oh ! not unmoved the heart remains  
When we in darkness are.  
One single night, upon the plains  
Of earth, we watch the star,  
Which is in seeming promise sent.  
If clouds obscure its ray

In that brief time, our watch is spent.

For the eternal day

Which cometh after, will not wane

Unto another night.

The star, beheld from earth, again

Will never meet our sight.

## THE HEART IS SELFISH.

THE heart is selfish in its love ;  
It brooks no presence near  
The throne on which it fain would rule,  
And, with unquiet ear,  
Harks to a stranger's whispered name.  
What wonder is it then,  
If a deep sadness fills its realm,  
Whene'er we see again,  
Returning to assert its sway,  
Some impulse of an earlier day !

I know that I ungently deal  
    With thee in all my life ;  
And yet, God knows, my nature hath  
    Maintained an earnest strife  
Against the impulse of its love.  
    And that I love thee, thou  
Wilt know before the time has cast  
    One shadow on thy brow.  
One shadow ! will that shadow be  
A tribute to my memory !

Alas ! for him, whose love lay hid,—  
    As, in the Wintry snow,  
The floweret sleepeth till the Spring !  
    If some untimely glow  
Melt the white cerements of its bloom,  
    The slender stalk shall rise  
And blossom in the sunshine, which  
    A moment fills the skies.

Shall blossom, but its opening breath  
Assures the floweret's early death.

Mine is no thought of covert blame,—  
No murmur of despair.

A silent blessing greets thy name,—  
Thy name is all my prayer.

To me, thou art the goal of life ;  
To me, its only prize.

I shall not win thee. Can I stand  
And see, with tearless eyes,  
Another pass me in the race,  
On whom is turned thy thoughtful face ?

There is no wisdom in this cry  
Of pain, at midnight hours.  
When once the sudden frost has touched  
The earth's untimely flowers,  
What sorrow will their bloom restore !  
But why bewail the dead,



Who long have dwelt within our hearts,  
If we no tears shall shed  
O'er vanished hopes, whose promise brought  
God's Eden home unto our thought !

## UPON THE THRESHOLD.

UPON the threshold of my life  
A glorious vision stands ;  
It pauses ere it wanders forth,  
And vainly clasps its hands.  
In sorrow clasps them, as it goes.  
It goes to come no more,  
Unless its memory haunt my soul  
Upon death's silent shore.

A glorious vision, born to me  
When life was in its prime,  
And yet reviving all the grace  
Which blessed an earlier time !  
Within my rugged heart it grew,  
Perchance a guest unmeet,  
Though flowerets, in that lonely place,  
Sprang up beneath its feet.

I know not why, but all is changed.  
A glorious vision stands  
Upon the threshold of my life,  
And vainly clasps its hands.  
In sorrow clasps them, as it goes ;  
For it will come no more,  
Although its memory haunt my soul  
Upon death's silent shore.

## I STOOD ALONE.

I stood alone, within the night,  
And watched the taper's beam  
In thy near chamber dimly burn.  
Alone, and yet a dream  
Came wandering to me in the gloom.  
I saw a thoughtful face,  
With eyes intent upon the air,  
Watch in that silent place,  
As if old memories came and went,  
Beheld by it alone.

Sometimes the light of happy smiles  
    Upon her brow was thrown,  
As if the wayward phantoms breathed  
    The songs of earlier years,—  
The songs, Youth sings unto the soul,  
    While yet we know not tears !

Then would the fleeting brightness fade.  
    Such music passed away,  
And, to her heart, a sadder voice,  
    Sang of a later day,—  
A day that cometh to us all,—  
    When sorrow standeth by,  
Uncrowning all the golden hours,  
    As over us they fly !

A sweeter calm to her returned,  
    And, in the deeper night,  
I saw, in her uplifted eyes,  
    The glory of a light,

That cometh not from sun, or star.  
Before the voice of prayer,  
The thronging phantoms fled away,  
And left, upon the air,  
No echo of their changing lay.  
Peace had again returned  
Unto her soul ; and, in its depths,  
God's altar only burned.

## IN VAIN.

I RAISE unquiet eyes to heaven,  
But dark its glories are ;  
In all the gloom of night shines forth  
No solitary star.  
The faint and flickering lights of earth  
Gleam in the valley far.  
  
Each moment, as my steps ascend,  
The path more barren grows ;  
The distant laurels cheer me not,  
I miss the valley rose :  
No floweret blooms upon the edge  
Of these unkindly snows.

Ah ! had I dwelt in lowlier thoughts,  
A happier life were mine !  
Faith had relit her holy fire  
In the deserted shrine,  
And bade me, to a calmer thought,  
My purposes resign.



## THE CLOUD.

A CLOUD envelopes earth and sky.

    This dark and dreary day

Were emblem fit of life to me,

    But that to-morrow may

The glory to the sky restore,

    And to the earth its grace,

While my sad soul no light discerns

    Within its darkened place.

Fate has its sharpest arrows sent.  
The bulwark of my pride,  
Cast down in an unequal strife,  
Is shattered far and wide,  
And in the breach I silent stand.  
Yet were my courage high,  
But that I see it matters not  
If I should fight, or fly.

Oh ! fatal hour, when first to me  
At morn thy beauty came !  
Oh ! fatal hour, when first I dwelt  
In thought upon thy name !  
Oh ! yet more fatal time than all,  
When, in a year gone by,  
That love was born, which in thy ear  
Breathed out its earliest cry.

To thee, that night, my inmost soul  
Was opened as to God ;

With thee, that night, in happiness,  
The paths of earth I trod.  
So near me came thy glorious love,  
That, in its fervent breath,  
My heart leaped up to greet its life,  
And dreamed not of its death.

Yet even then a memory  
Was echoing in thy heart !  
Thy steps drew near me only that  
They might from me depart !  
They leave me on the fields of life  
Where I its toils began !  
They leave me, if I know my doom,  
On earth a hopeless man !

The voice of sorrow has not strength  
To reach the happier ear :  
Thy heart, in peace, the bitterest cry  
My lips can breathe, would hear.

While I in thy calm presence stood,  
Thou couldst foresee the day  
Thy maiden hand, in other troth  
Would give thy love away.

What matter when these years shall end !  
Perchance it is a crime,  
To see but sorrow in the space  
Of God's appointed time,  
And fold our hands in dull despair.  
But if the end shall be  
The severance of thy lot from mine,  
No joy is left for me.

The years have left but one desire.  
When it shall live in vain,  
I care not if the lamp of life  
To sudden darkness wane.

If we shall part,—the bitterest chance  
That e'er my life beset,  
Were blessing to the woe, which came  
Because our pathways met.

## THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

How many lonely eves have I  
    Watched in this silent place,  
And, through the darkness, dimly seen  
    That well remembered face,  
Whose lineaments are graven on  
    The tablets of my heart.  
Oh ! memory, to the happy thou  
    A sweet enchantress art,  
Restoring to the years their bloom,—  
    Unto the past its grace,—  
And bringing sunshine back again  
    Unto the darkened place.

But there are hearts, upon whose May  
Thick fell the whirling snow ;  
And, in the early Autumn, such  
Forget the Summer's glow,  
And sorrow for their withered Spring.  
They feel that manhood's prime  
Was saddened by the blight, which came  
Upon an earlier time.

Alas ! it is too surely true  
That, by the hand of fate,  
The key note of our lives is struck,  
While yet our souls await  
The opening of the iron doors  
Upon the road of life.  
The few to gentlest music move,  
The many hear the strife  
Their souls must make with sorrow, in  
The low discordant cry,

Wrung from their trembling heart-strings,  
while

To childhood they are nigh.

A pause there may be in such strain,

But woe to him, who hears

In that sad space, a gentler song.

He shall renew, in tears,

His toil among the empty fields

Of God's ungathered years.

In distant lands, where leafy palms

Rise in a barren clime,

The wanderer, musing at their feet,

Can hear the far-off chime

Of Sabbath bells, across the waste.

The sounds of earth and air

By memory are wrought, until,

To the sad heart, they bear

A likeness to the sounds of home :

And he can sink to rest,



Beyond the surges of the sea,  
With echoes thrilling by,  
That seem to wander from a home  
Beneath his native sky.

But there are wanderers, where the palm  
Breaks not the drifting sand,—  
Whose feet are loneliest, when they walk  
Within their native land :—  
To whom the chime of Sabbath bells,  
Heard in the evening air,  
Summons a shadow from the past,  
And not their souls to prayer.  
Wanderers are these homeless men,  
Who sit beside their hearth,  
As homeless, for their need of love,  
As any on the earth.

Oh ! memory, to the happy thou  
A sweet enchantress art,

But all thy sorcery is denied  
Unto the saddened heart.  
Her face I see in all the hours,  
It cometh as the dream  
Our Parents knew, when never more,  
By wood and sunlit stream,  
In Eden they in gladness dwelt !  
Within the desert place,  
The glory of that Eden fell  
Upon each sleeping face,  
To mock the waking vision with  
A world that lay around,  
When all the glorious sunlight shone  
Upon accursed ground.  
Woe to the memory which restores  
An Eden to the heart,  
When angels watch the closed gates,  
And only say—Depart !

## MY LOVE NO SOLACE IS.

My love no solace brings to thee,  
Thy heart is closed unto  
The tribute poor. Before the gate,  
And in the common view,  
To thee I have an offering made,  
But the unopened door  
Received it not ; and in the dust  
It lieth evermore.

It was no gift of royal price.  
No broidered altar cloth,—  
No title to a fair domain,—  
Was earnest of my troth :

It was a simple manly love,  
Which, like an Alpine flower,  
Among the snows, had blossomed in  
The sunshine of an hour.

'Twas all I had.—I could no more.  
And while the fresher hue  
Remained, I know the perfume stole  
The closèd lattice through,  
And wooed thy wandering footsteps near.  
Near, while the morning breath  
Its sweetness wasted on the air,—  
Aye,—wasted to its death.

Within the dust the offering lies !  
I watch, with folded hands,  
The withered leaves, half lost to view  
Beneath the drifting sands.  
I know that if the opening flower  
Could thus neglected lie,

In all the time it shall remain,  
Till it, unnoticed, die.

Die,—while a fuller sunshine falls  
Upon thy maiden life !

Die,—ere my weary steps return  
Unto the endless strife  
Which I with fate and fortune make !  
Die,—while other flowers

Are garlanded by happier hands,  
To grace thy bridal hours !

Then shall the closèd gates unbar,  
And thou with angel grace,  
Companioned, on thy pathway go.  
Remembrance will not trace  
My footprints in the sands of life.  
And, on such sunlit day,  
The breath of thy full joy will bear  
All withered leaves away.

Yet all things, which have lived, remain !  
Remain, although the years  
Oblivion promise, as they go,  
And though the past appears  
Unto us a forgotten dream !  
Remembrance will not die !  
And, in a day to come, our past  
Will cloud thy thoughtful eye.

Will cloud it, though I blame thee not !  
For, by the closed gate  
Of thy young life, I silent stand :  
Accepting, as my fate,  
The withering of life's single flower,  
And, turning to depart,  
With only blessings echoing in  
The silence of my heart.

## MY VISION.

WE were not friends in childhood.  
She to beauty grew  
Far from the maze of wildwood,  
My footsteps struggled through.

Rent by the thorn,—  
Slow climbing o'er the fallen tree,—  
With heart outworn  
By long expectancy

Of open fields and sunlit streams,—  
Upon such Eden space I came,  
And saw the vision of my dreams,  
And breathed her name.

In the golden eventide  
We wandered through the meadows wide.

Would you behold that vision fair !  
Think not of starry eyes,  
Nor marble brow, nor clustering hair,  
Nor blush of sunset skies  
Mantling in the cheek of youth.

Upon her thoughtful face,  
Enthronèd sat the purer grace,  
That cometh of angelic truth.

Oh ! balmiest eves !  
When in the lonely woodland, we  
Beheld the leaves  
Stir in their slumber silently,



As the low night-wind trembled by,  
    And wandered home,  
With stars dim shining on our way.  
    Thrice have come  
Autumnal shadows since that day.

Autumnal shadows ! yet before  
    Each Autumn came a Spring,—  
A Spring that shall return no more !  
    ——Whose blossoming  
Gave promise of a golden fruit.  
    I know not why,  
But yet a canker to the root  
    Came ever nigh.  
I saw, beneath each Summer sky,  
    The blossoms die !

    Such is the worth,  
That crowns the promise of the earth !

There is, upon the Summer air,  
A breath of Winter flying past.  
The forest walks, we trod, are bare.  
Its leaves are scattered on the blast.  
Our footsteps never more  
Shall wander by the willowed shore  
Of that shallow, rippling stream,  
Whose music mingles with my dream

Time with trembling hands,  
Counts the last grains of golden sands.  
The tangled maze of wildwood,—  
The wearied heart of childhood,—  
The glimpse of fields and sunny streams,—  
Are now as dreams.

The wintry time of life is near !  
And never in another year,  
To me that vision will appear !

Upon the open plain,  
I see the sunlight wane,  
Wane,—to come no more again !  
The fields, the snow shroud only wear.

Life will never know  
The melting of that shrouding snow !

WE MAY BE PARTED.

WE may be parted. Changing winds,  
Upon the tossing sea,  
Leave each alone in all the day.  
Yet shall the haven be  
Unto our wandering barks the same.  
Near to the calmer shore,  
My lonely heart shall watch the deep,  
And wait thee evermore.

Thou art upon the waves alone.

Alone,—and yet on high

God sets the signal of thy course

Within a cloudless sky ;

The larger sun of Holy Truth,—

Which ever brighter grows,

As round about our mortal path,

The earthly shadows close.

We may be parted, yet I watch

Beside the calmer shore,

To see the lifting of thy sail

The far horizon o'er.

The changeless beacon lights of heaven,—

The breath of God,—will be

The polar star,—the steady wind,—

To bring thee unto me.

## THE DEATH OF HOPE.

WITHIN the chambers of my heart,  
Hope, weak and fainting, lies.  
My silent thoughts in sorrow look  
Upon her as she dies.  
They wait, until she breathes no more,  
To close her glazing eyes.  
  
There is no mark of age upon  
Her wan and pallid face.

Her beauty, though by sorrow dimmed,  
Retains the olden trace,  
Which to her mien in childhood gave  
A more than angel grace.

She is not old, and yet the tears  
Have frequent channels worn  
In that fair cheek, whose color once  
Flushed like the Early Morn,  
When, in her chamber in the East,  
The infant day is born.

She is not old, and yet her thread  
Of mortal life is spun.  
The sands within her broken glass,  
Once golden in the sun,  
Drop slowly in the darkness, and  
At last have ceased to run.

Within the chambers of my heart,  
Hope now is lying dead.

My speechless thoughts in sorrow leave  
Their rising tears unshed,  
And close the chambers evermore,  
Where she is sepulchred.



## CONCLUSION.

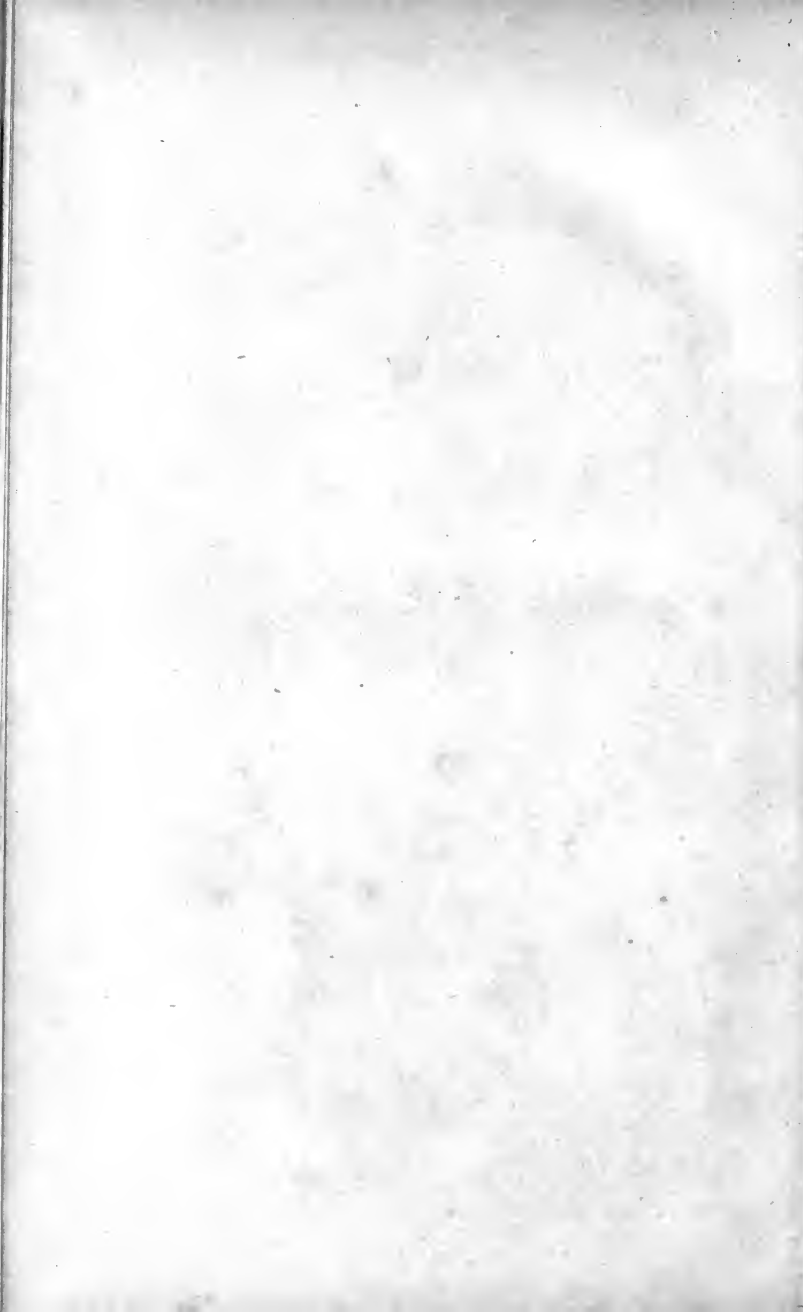
*Here, Memory, pause with folded hands,  
And to the Past return no more.  
Oh ! why recall the golden sands,  
The dream upon the Ocean shore.*

*The Summer time, in which was set  
The sail unto the favoring breeze,  
Hath to the Autumn changed, and yet  
There is no sign of halcyon seas.*

*Here, Memory, pause with folded hands,  
And to the Past return no more,  
For never shall its golden sands  
Renew the footprints on the shore.*











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